

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1807.

[NUMBER LI.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

EUGENIA DE MIRANDE.

TOWARDS the close of last summer, a young man named Linval, walking in the Tuilleries, found, near the delightful bower where the exquisite statues of Hippomene and Atlanta are placed, the following billet upon the ground :

"An opportunity is offered to the person who shall find this billet, of doing a good action. If the person is disposed to do it, he is requested to go to the Rue de Saintonge, No. 1342, and ask for Eugenia de Mirande.

"P. S. Should the finder be unwilling to go to the assistance of an unfortunate mother, he is requested not to prevent another person from doing it, but to drop the billet where he found it."

Linval is the best dancer in Paris after Trenis; he read the billet, hummed a new air while he was reading it, and then with a stroke of his bamboo, whisked it into the air, and hastened to the Faubourg du Roule, to give his opinion upon a robe of exquisite taste, but which, it was feared, was not sufficiently striking.

The second person who picked it up, was a man of middle age, simply clad, and walking quick. He stopped, however, to read it, but casting his eyes towards heaven, as if he meant to say "It is not to me that this letter is addressed," he placed it respectfully in its former place.

A contractor came next, one of those

men who think themselves moderate, because they are contented with the trifling gain of three thousand francs a day, and who are purse proud, and impudent: he first kicked the billet, then picked it up from curiosity. Scarcely had he read it, when he tore it into a thousand pieces, exclaiming, 'Tis a trap.'

The next day, precisely at the same place, another billet was deposited exactly similar to the former. The first person who perceived it had the delicacy to take the address, and to place the billet where he found it. A young married couple perceived it a few minutes afterwards. After having read it, Madame C****, who was on the point of becoming a mother, said to her husband, "My love, let us see the person to whom we are directed. What we have to give, is but little, but a slight benefit often prevents the unfortunate from giving themselves up to despair, and inspires them with courage to wait for better days."

The young couple proceeded to the Rue de Saintonge. But at Paris, the having the name, the street, and the number, is by no means sufficient to insure the finding of the real place. Some houses have the numbers they had before the revolution; from other houses the revolution has removed the former numbers, and placed others. The sections have successively accumulated upon the walls of Paris, cyphers of all colours, and not at all regular. After having walked twice up and down the street, the young couple at length found out No. 1342.—They learnt that the house was occupied by an old man, formerly a physician, who had retired, who passed for a rich man, and

who had an only daughter, distinguished for her wit and her talents.

The young couple were shown up a very handsome stair-case to the first floor, where they were ushered into a room furnished without gaudiness, but with perfect taste. They asked to speak to Eugenia de Mirande, and a young lady of twenty-two, or twenty-three years of age, graceful and elegant, rose and shewed them into a small apartment, where every thing showed that the useful and agreeable were habitually cultivated; books, pamphlets, music-books, instruments, drawings, were in different parts of the room—every thing bespoke affluence of circumstances.

"I fear," said Madame C****, "I have fallen into some mistake. We read your address, madame, upon a billet we found in the Tuilleries, and we determined to offer some assistance to the person pointed out; but we perceive here that there are charms to delight, not sorrows to be relieved."

Eugenia de Mirande, for it was to her they spoke, explained to them, but with some embarrassment, that she was only the organ of a lady, very much to be pitied, who, from a sentiment of pride, wished to conceal herself, but who was worthy of the interest she had excited.

"In that case," said madame C****, "request her to permit me to see her; I do not think that she ought to blush at the visit of one of her own sex, who is not a stranger to sorrow."

The young lady evaded the request, under a pretext that her *protegee* had a

THE LADY'S

whimsical imagination, which rendered it difficult to confer an obligation upon her.

'But she has children?'

'Three; and she has just lost, after a long and expensive illness, a husband, whose labour supplied them with the means of living.'

'Good God! what a situation! and what age are the children?'

'They are all young: a girl of five years and a half is the eldest.'

'I shall soon,' said madame C***, with a blush which lent a new charm to her beauty, 'be a mother myself, this is sufficient to interest me for the fate of these little innocents; yet this circumstance unfortunately prevents me from having the satisfaction of taking care of the children; my own will demand all my care; but permit me at least to send a small bundle for the eldest child; for I cannot believe that, with such a friend as you, the family can be exposed to the want of the absolute necessities of life.'

Eugenia de Mirande thanked the lady in the name of her friend, and accepted the present, after taking down the name and address of madame C***.

Scarcely had the young couple retired, when a young man came upon the same errand.

'Your pardon, madam,' he said to Eugenia, 'it is not you I am in search of, but Eugenia de Mirande.'

A similar explanation—similar astonishment. After having heard the story of the unfortunate person, the young man appeared to be much moved.

'How happens it, that a widow and three little innocents should be absolutely without succour, upon so fertile a soil as ours, and in the midst of an enlightened nation?'

'You are in the right, sir; but where is the remedy?'

'The remedy, madam, would be to give a little more provident wisdom to Frenchmen, and make them understand, that after to-morrow there is another day to come, and that when we quit life, we leave behind us often the dearest part of ourselves. But that is not the point to be considered now. The situation of the lady, about whom you have interested yourself, is dreadful, and, whatever be the causes, let us try to soften them.'

Eugenia received the present which the young man gave.

'I am not rich, madam, and that is the reason my donation is so trifling; but when we are prudent, we can always, though young, have something to give.'

'But, sir, money is not the sole benefit we can extend to the wretched;—good offices and tenderness, do them much more service.'

'Is your friend, madam, in want of such offices? Speak the word, and there is nothing I will not do upon your recommendation.'

'Yet forgive me, sir—let my motives excuse my indiscretion, does your situation in life afford you the means of speaking to the minister?'

'No, madam, my father cultivates property in the environs of Paris; he has passed his whole life in doubling its value by constant care and good management, but never was he seen in the avenues of power; this is what I congratulate him upon, more than I praise him, for we do not frequent the anti-chambers of men in place for one's pleasure. Happily I have no more need to do so than he—I partake with five brothers and sisters, who love me, and whom I love, the patrimony he will leave us; and I hope the minister will never hear us spoken of. Yet if it be necessary to solicit him

in favour of your friend, I am ready to do it. What is it she wants?'

'To establish a claim that is just—the security of one of our armies rendered it necessary to destroy an establishment which the husband of the widow founded: she asks for indemnity.'

'And must she have protection, madam, to obtain this?'

'Protection is not necessary to obtain it, because it is just; but we wish for protection, in order that the business may not linger in the *bureau*, before it is seen by the minister.'

'I see,' said Latremblaye, the name of the young man, 'that we must lay before the minister a concise and clear memorial, which shall make him feel the justice of the claim.'

'That is just the thing; but the memorial must be drawn.'

Both were silent.

'I scarcely dare ask you,' said Eugenia.

'Why not? I should have offered to do it, if I had not been afraid of doing it ill. Besides, I am ignorant of the details of the affair.'

'I will communicate them.'

Eugenia retired a moment, and returned with her father. She requested him to ask Latremblaye to dinner, in order that he might be furnished with the details of the business in question. The old gentleman intreated the young man to fix a day, which, after mutual compliments, he did.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

For the Lady's Miscellany

ON SEDUCTION.

Seduction is a crime of the highest magnitude; it strikes at the root of life,

and its victim perishes prematurely. How incalculable is the injury resulting from the commission of this nefarious pursuit; how dreadful the situation of the 'sinned against' in this opprobrious wrong. All the comforts resulting from an hitherto well-spent life, vanish, and the injury is but augmented by reflection. Even should a father extend his love, and a mother bless her forsaken child, yet, in the bosom of sensibility the barbed arrow's lodged; nor will it ever be plucked thence, but with the dissolution of its victim.

Notwithstanding the dreadful consequences resulting from this species of vice—notwithstanding the poor deluded female has suffered an irreparable injury, and is perhaps, driven from a once comfortable home, where for years she had never sighed but for the sufferings of a fellow creature; yet is the perpetrator of this wanton cruelty admitted a participant of polite society, and the rectitude of his conduct is hardly called in question! Tell me, you who are most versed in sophistry, how is this? Will an offended deity take no cognizance of a crime, than which, no one is more heinous? Will justice sleep, and retribution never be awarded?

AMANDA was beautiful as the Arcadian Shepherdess; and as true as truth's simplicity. The early years of her life were spent in those juvenile recreations, which give health and vivacity of spirit. Her parents were ever indulgent; and those accomplishments which fit their possessor for the higher walks in society were hers. Hitherto she had never realized, save for her honored parents and a beloved brother, other than those feelings which are the offspring of a generous and susceptible mind. But how fleeting and evanescent are the brightest prospects! how uncertain the success of our most ardent hopes!

AUGUSTUS, during three years had been absent on business of importance in a foreign country. His success had been commensurate to his expectations; and

his return was warmly welcomed by his relations. At the period of his departure, Amanda had not attained her thirteenth year; but now was an object of general admiration. The heart of Augustus was not proof to charms so irresistible; and he loved, or rather thought he loved, the beautiful girl; who, on her part, had conceived a passion for him as pure and unselfish as her mind and person. During a year of the most rapturous attention, Augustus became but the more attached to his fair mistress.

At this period, the father of Amanda paid the debt due to the common parent of nature, and left his son the charge, not only of his worldly concerns, but what was of infinitely more moment, the care of his beloved daughter. Augustus sympathized with Amanda the irreparable loss she had sustained. He appeared to speak the language of comfort to the mind of sorrow. The lovely girl looked up to him, not only as to a lover whose happiness she prized dearly as her own life, but also as a friend; one in whose bosom she might confide the sentiments most precious to her. Dear, deluded sufferer! little didst thou think the being in whom thou hadst placed thy all of happiness, would conspire thy ruin! Thou wouldst hardly have credited thy only and beloved brother, had he aspersed the character of thy lover!

Amanda had now become, in some degree, reconciled to the affliction she had sustained in the loss of an affectionate and tender parent. In Augustus she implicitly confided; and entrusted him with the secret of her affection for him. Some evil spirit, more potent than his adversary, now took possession of the mind of Augustus. Without reflection—without once thinking on the subsequent misery the commission of his nefarious purpose would entail on a lovely and innocent fellow creature, he madly persevered in his fell purpose of undoing. Poor injured girl, thy lot is sorrow!—The man in whose bosom thou hadst 'garnered up' thy hope, has deceived thee, and fled the

vengeance of thy offended brother. Methinks I see thee (so well I know thy generous worth) even now on thy bended knee, asking forgiveness of offended heaven for thy lover's perjury. But that justice which thy perfidious friend hath violated, will, sooner or later, overtake him. Perhaps retrospection will awaken his mind to a sense of his enormous guilt; and fancy will picture thee as thou wert ere his insidious wiles sent thee, heart-broken, to seclusion.—He will see thee, pale and emaciated; the victim of sorrow, without even a transient hope of happiness! Pursuing the picture which his 'mind's eye' hath encountered, he beholds thee sinking prematurely to the grave; and on thy countenance a look, indicative of all thy wrongs.

C.

ALTERATION! WONDERFUL ALTERATION!

The day after Candlemas-day, in the reign of Edward the second, in the year 1314, a Parliament was assembled purposely to fix the price of victuals, which were then so dear that the common people were not able to live. It was fixed as follows:—

A stalled, or corn fed ox, no more than	1 4 0
A grass fed ditto,	0 16 0
A stalled or corn fed cow,	0 12 0
A grass fed ditto,	0 10 0
A fat sheep, with the wool on,	0 1 8
A fat sheep, with the wool shorn,	0 1 2
A fat hog, two years old,	0 3 4
A fat goose,	0 0 2
A ditto, in the city of London,	0 0 3
A fat capon,	0 0 2
A ditto, in the city of London,	0 0 2
A fat hen,	0 0 1
A ditto, in the city of London,	0 0 2
Two chickens,	0 0 1
Two ditto, in the city of London,	0 0 2
Four pigeons,	0 0 1
Three ditto, in the city of London,	0 0 1
Twenty four eggs,	0 0 1
Twenty do. in the city of London,	0 0 1

From the Lady's Magazine.

THE COQUETTE.

This animal, like the fop, originally came from France: but travellers assure us they are to be found in all parts of the civilised and uncivilised world. Vaillant in his two last voyages, relates, that he met with some of the species even in Caffraria, and among the Namaquas, south of the Cape of Good Hope; but they did not much engage the attention of that ingenious naturalist, as he knew that they were to be found in much greater perfection in Europe.

The coquette is generally a most beautiful animal; its skin is a delicate white, with red spots on the face of considerable magnitude; very fine and sparkling eyes; which it has the art of rolling about in such a manner as to fascinate its prey, not unlike certain serpents. Its voice, like that of the fop, with which, as before mentioned, it is apt to be confounded, is shrill, and often unharmonious; but, perhaps, no animal has more variety of tones which are observed to differ with every impulse of anger, joy, sorrow, pride, disdain, &c. There is something singular in the red spots on the faces of coquettes, which is, that they often appear and disappear in the course of twenty-four hours, the face appearing of an entire pale white when the animal awakes from sleep. In others, however, the redness is stationary, and varies only with the expression of the passions. These latter are most admired.

In mischief, this animal is far superior to the fop, and it is very rare that the most expert naturalists have been able to tame them. There are only two ways in which this is done; and I shall mention them, although neither are in our power. The one is a disease, to which they are subject, which leaves marks or small pits all over the face; the other is old age. When they advance in years,

they undergo a transformation, which seems to affect their brains, as they are always making signs to express that they fear they shall *lead a life*. An old coquette, therefore, is a very rare animal, but not the more valuable upon that account, as there is a general prejudice against them, and very few men can be prevailed upon to go near them.

The young ones are extremely wild, as already remarked, and the most difficult to catch of any animal. The sportsmen usually employ a *noose* with a *ring*, but it is very rare that they succeed; and some of my acquaintances, who have, after many attempts, caught one of them, assure me that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.^{*} Others, less expert, and not so well acquainted with the animal, have caught a *tartar* in its stead, from which, to be sure, it does not greatly differ.

The coquette is particularly fond of the female dress. Place one of them in a well-finished wardrobe, and it will adorn *itself* in the most whimsical and *outré* manner, and always seems best pleased when it resembles nothing in nature but itself. An eminent writer, speaking of this animal, says very justly, though paradoxically:

"None but itself can be its parallel."

Fond, however, as it is of dress and frippery, it is never long contented with the same suit, but is perpetually varying it, and making the strangest figures with the hair of its head which is generally very long and beautiful. Some say it has even the power of changing the colour of its hair, as it does the red spot on its face; but I have never been witness to a transformation of this kind.

There are, however, the greatest varieties in the shape of this animal; sometimes it appears to have no waist, at other times it is all waist; sometimes there is a vast protuberance before, and at other

times behind it; so that no general description will suit the coquette; although there are paintings and engravings of many of the different kinds to be seen in the print-shops, to which I must refer the curious reader.

It is generally thought that the breed is fast going out in this kingdom; and, undoubtedly, if they were not kept in so many families, they would soon be extinct; but there is a great number of people extremely partial to them, and who submit to all their wild tricks and freaks, though they often lose their time, and even their money, by attending to them. Some ladies have been so fond of them, as to prefer them to the most lovely and sensible of their children. But it is more easy to mention such extravagant fancies, than to account for them, or to cure them.

The coquette, although for ever expressing some passion or other, is believed to be very little acquainted with the tender ones. It is rarely susceptible of friendship, and never of love. Those who have kept coquettes, assure us that they can never tame them, so as to make them faithful and affectionate; but it is said, that when caught by the *noose* and *ring*, mentioned above, they may be very easily domesticated. Others again, in flat contradiction to this, lose their native propensities altogether, and degenerate into *dandies*, an animal, in all respects, the reverse of the coquette, being quiet, insensible, slatternly, and neglectful of its person; and there are few who can manage the *noose* and *ring* so as not to confine and hurt the animal.

Merely to look at, the coquette is one of the prettiest creatures ever formed, and no animal is more gratified at being looked at. An hundred eyes directed at once to where a coquette sits, is a pleasure which it seems to relish very much; and, at a proper distance, the spectator will be rather diverted with its tricks; but few, who know the qualities of the

^{*} The sport costs more than it is worth.

animal, will venture to approach nearer. It is remarkably deceitful in its attacks. When it frowns, it is generally best pleased; and when it appears fond and good-humoured, it is almost a certainty that it is then meditating to play a mischievous trick. It can counterfeit all appearances to attract notice, and sometimes turn pale and appear dead, to impose upon its pursuers. All its movements, indeed, are deceptive, particularly its weeping, which it does like a woman; but the great difficulty is to know, whether the tears it sheds are tears of joy, sorrow, anger, or disappointment. By similar tricks, the coquette leads its pursuers such a dance from place to place, from town to country, and from country to town, that they generally give over the chase as not worth the trouble, although they feel themselves excessively chagrin'd at being outwitted by an animal which they thought ready to jump into their arms.

On dissection, we perceive very many singularities, such as the great distance from the head to the heart, and the last being made of a substance scarcely penetrable. But as Dr. Addison, a very experienced physician and anatomist, in Queen Anne's time, has given a very accurate description of the dissection of a coquette, I shall refer my readers to that, quoting only one passage. "As soon," says he, "as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance. Accordingly, we laid it in a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed."

I have only to add, that the description I have given of the *coquette* applies chiefly to the female. The male *coquette* is an ugly ferocious animal, which all agree to hunt out of society, and I have never met with one worthy of the least attention.

INDEPENDENCE

Of a Jury in Ireland, and a sacred regard to the duties of their station.

A JUDGE who lately travelled the north west circuit of Ireland, came to the trial of a cause, which was a prosecution of a Landlord against a poor man, his tenant, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor, by the defendant, in the preservation of his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from ravishment.

When the poor man was brought into court and put to the bar, the prosecutor appeared, and swore most manfully to every article in the indictment. He was cross examined by the jurors, who were composed of *honest tradesmen and farmers*.

The poor man had no lawyers to tell his story: he pleaded his own cause, and pleaded, not to the jury, but to the heart. The jury found him *not guilty*.

The court was enraged; but the surrounding spectators gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout of applause. The judge told the jury, that they must go back to the jury-room, and reconsider the matter; adding, that he was surprised they could return so infamous a verdict. The jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench—"My Lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our jury-room; but we found no reason to alter our opinions or our verdict, we return, in the same words as before, *not guilty*."

We heard your Lordship's extraordinary language of reproof, but we do not accept it as properly or warrantably applying to us. It is true, my Lord, that we ourselves, individually considered in our private capacities, may be poor insignificant men; therefore, in that light, we claim nothing out of this box above the common regards of our humble but honest stations: but, my Lord, assembled

here as a *Jury*, we cannot be insensible of the great and constitutional department we now fill; we feel, my Lord, that we are appointed by the law and the constitution, not only as an impartial tribunal to judge between the king and his subjects, the offended and the offender, but we act in a situation of still greater confidence, we form as a *jury, the barrier of the people against the possible influence, pre-judice, passion, or corruption of the bench*.

To you, my Lord, meeting you within these walls, I, for my own part, possibly measure my respect by your private virtues; but the moment I am enclosed in this place, your private character is invisible; for it is, in my eyes, veiled in your official one, and to open conduct in that only, we can look.

This jury, my Lord, does not, in this business, press me to offer to that bench the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult; we pay it the respect *one tribunal should pay another, for the common honour of both*. This jury, my Lord, did not arraign the bench with partiality, prejudice, infamous decision, nor yet with influence, passion, corruption, oppression, or tyranny; no, we looked to it as the mercy seat of royalty, as the sanctuary of truth and justice. Still, my Lord, we cannot blot from our minds the records of our school books, nor erase the early inscriptions written on our intellects and memories. Hence we must be mindful that monarchs and judges are but fallible mortals, that tyrants have set on the throne, and that the mere seat of royalty and the sanctuary of justice, have been polluted by a Tressilian, a Scraggs, and a Jeffries. (Here was a frown from the bench.) Nay, my Lord, I am a poor man, but I am a free born subject of the kingdom of Ireland, a member of the constitution; nay, I am now higher, for I am the representative thereof. I therefore claim for myself and fellow jurors the *liberty of speech*; and if I am refused it here, I shall assume it before the people

at the door of this court house, and tell me why I delivered my mind there, instead of delivering it at this place.

"I say, my lord, we have nothing to do with your private character; we know you are only in that of Judge; and as such, we would respect you; you know nothing of us but as a jury, and in that sensation, we should look to you for reciprocal respect; because we know of no man, however high his title or rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant the presumption of an unprovoked insult, towards the individual in whom the people have vested the dearest and most valuable privileges they possess. I before said, my Lord, that we are here met, not individually; nor do we assume pre-eminence; but in the sacred character of a jury, we should be wanting in reverence to our constitution itself, if we did not look for the respect of every man who regards it. We sit here, my Lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our opinions, on the evidence before us. We have in our own minds acquitted our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are answerable, not to your lordship, nor that bench, nor to the king who placed you there, but to a higher power, the King of kings!"

The bench was dumb; the bar silent; but approbation was murmured throughout the crowd; and the poor man was discharged.

To illustrate the extraordinary virtues and independence displayed by the above jury, would require more than ordinary talents; suffice it to say, that it ought ever to be impressed upon the mind, and the lesson engraved on the heart of every man, that he may be prepared for that exalted station.

Certain trifling flaws sit as disgracefully on a character of elegance, as a ragged button on a court dress.

[The following sketch is taken from a publication, entitled a "Satirical view of London." Though professedly dealing in satire, the work is evidently founded in truth, and the point of the subsequent remarks will apply to other cities, as well as to the capital of England.]

Emerald.

POLICE OF LONDON.

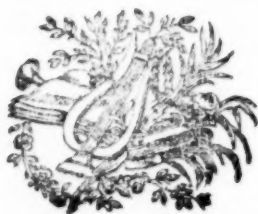
THE other day I went to the coffee-house, sat down, and called for some tea; while I was drinking it, another person came in, and sitting near me, began grumbling to himself at something. The custom of England, not admitting immediate communication between strangers, he could not directly disclose the cause of his discontent to his neighbour, but was compelled to vent his displeasure by general ejaculations, such as—*What the devil are our magistrates about? one hath one's pocket rifled; one hath stop at a rent shop; and there is no walking a yard without being pestered by a thousand beggars.* But I suppose the justices are ted both by beggars and pick-pockets.

This broken s Bloxy brought the whole coffee house round him, and every person had something to say on the inefficiency of the laws, the insolence or corruption of the magistrates, the impunity of pick-pockets, the increase of vagrants, and the frequency of robberies.

All harkened with attention to his story, and all concurred with his sentiments, and it was agreed on by all hands, that the regulation of the police of London was a disgrace to the nation. Every sort of disorder and nuisance was committed by the prevention of crimes by the salubrious vigilance of magistrates, as neglected, and the efficacious insolence of constables and watchmen was so great, that a gentleman could not be engaged in a harmless frolic, without being liable to insult and restraint, totally inconsistent with the freedom of a British subject.

"Then I find the complaint is," said a person, who now came forward from a remote corner of the room, "that the police is both too strict, and too much

relaxed; and you want to enjoy what cannot be enjoyed at the same time, the highest degree both of order and licentiousness; or, in other words, every man wishes to impose the severest restrictions on others, and to be free from all restraint himself. As for clearing the streets of London of all vagrants and pick-pockets by day, and of all street robbers and street-walkers by night, and to enable every man to sleep in security, with his doors open, and to carry his money in his hand without fear of losing it; is a thing that may, very easily, be most effectually done. But the doubt is, if the people would buy this advantage at the price at which it can only be bought. No one ever heard of a robbery committed in a camp of hobs and bars to a marquise; neither can the most warm advocate for the honour of a soldier impute this solely to that cause. Introduce, then, the discipline of a camp into this town; post centries, with strict orders, in every corner; enforce their vigilance by frequent rounds; let them demand paroles and counter signs from all who approach, and apprehend and confine all they suspect; and, take my word for it, you will hear no more of robbery. It will be also necessary that it may have full effect to reverse our maxim in our jurisprudence, instead of supposing every one innocent till he is proved guilty, deem every accused person guilty till his innocence is shown. Yet, how this can be done, without increasing the power and insolence of peace officers, and authorizing them to interfere, even in more trifling matters, than the harmless frolics of gentleman, by which I presume is meant, breaking traps, and knocking down watchmen, I do not exactly see. Neither do I imagine it would be very agreeable to grave sensations and wealthy citizens, to have their motions watched in the street; and if they sometimes stood still, and sometimes turned about, without any apparent cause to be apprehended, on suspicion of an intent to commit felony, when the object of their pursuit, perhaps, was a small servant girl, with a neat lfg and a white



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE OUTCAST.

When sun beams bid the world adieu,
And evening gales their flight pursue,
Slow o'er the heath I wind my way,
To muse upon the golden day
Of hopes forever flown.

The infant smiles of blushing May,
The birds that carol on the spray,
Can boast no charms to Sorrow's child,
For Fancy weaves her visions wild,
And sings of vanish'd hours.

Then does her bold adventurous hand
(Ne'er under reason's sage command)
Lift the mysterious awful veil
That hides the dark and blotted tale
Of moments yet to come.

Now does she guide my wand'ring eye
O'er time's perplex'd and watery sky;
Spreads to my glance the features dark,
E'en all the dusky tints that mark
The issue of my fate.

Oh have I listen'd to the theme
That speaks of youth's enchanting dream;
Oh have I smil'd to hear its praise,
For I shall never feel the rays
That wait upon its morn.

Where are the joys, the mantling joys,
The dimpled loves with laughing eyes;
The hopes that soar on airy wing,
And o'er the scene rich magic fling,
Stealing the tints of truth?

When Night's dull wing with shadowy sweep,
In darkness veils the world of sleep;
Or when the moon's affrighted eye
Peeps thro' the wild embattl'd sky,
Sit'ring the rough cloud's edge;

'Tis then I face the piercing wind;
What shelter can an outcast find?
'Tis then, that midst the whistling blast,
The while the beating rain falls fast,
I tread my weary way.

How oft when journeying o'er the plain,
My sad heart torn by grief and pain,
While o'er my cheeks the cold gale blows,
(That cheek whence care has chas'd the rose
That once so gaily bloom'd!)

Around I throw my eager gaze,
And view the ghosts of other days
Hurrying on the North's bleak wing—
They come, they come—I hear them sing
Sad strains that memory loves.

Blest shades of all I once ador'd!
Of all I've worshipp'd and deplor'd!
Ye whom the hand of death laid low,
Dooming this heart to feel a blow
Greater than wreck of works!

As some fair tree whose branching shade
Shelters the wild flower of the glade,
So did ye screen my helpless head,
So did your arms their shelter spread,
To shield my youth from ill.

But lo! the angry tempest came,
And fiercely rag'd the lightning's flame,
Soon were my lovely trees laid low,
And I was doom'd to feel a blow
Greater than wreck of worlds.

Behold they beckon from the hill—
They ask why here I linger still?
I come—the storm will soon be past—
My weary sun is setting fast,
And then—we meet once more.

LOVE.

Hei mihi! quod multus amor est medicabilis
hūis. OVID.

ALAS! sweet Bard, I plainly see
The truth of what thou say'st above,
That herbs and spells can never free
An aching heart from hopeless love.

When first I found this subtle dart
Had pierc'd this tender heart of mine,
I straight apply'd, to ease the smart,
To Bacchus, god of generous wine.

His jovial votaries oft I join'd,
Their mad tumultuous joys to share;
But wine, alas! I quickly found
Did but increase my anxious care.

Ah, dear Eliza, if thou e'er
Hast seen me 'midst this frantic crew
Forgive my folly, and I swear
To bid their noisy haunts adieu.

In rural sports I next engag'd,
How oft o'er Chainwood's rugged rocks,
With ardour and with glee I've chas'd
The timid hare or wily fox.

The ardour of the chase was o'er,
The music of the hounds had ceas'd;
In triumph home the brush I bore,
But still I found my pain increas'd.

Despairing then to find relief
In busy crowd or silent shade,
To ease my pain, and sooth my grief,
To Cupid, god of Love, I pray'd.

The subtle urchin archly smil'd,
Then laughing tri'd my friend you're wrong,
In Dian's train in vain you've toil'd,
Or Bacchus join'd in jovial song.

Go to Eliza, there you'll find
A balm to cure your aching heart;
Her converse sweet and sense refin'd,
Will ease and comfort soon impart.

And if she deign one smile to give
From her soft pensive azure eye,
'Twill make your drooping heart revive,
And fill your soul with heavenly joy.

SONG.

When you receive from wealth and state,
An unexpected tumble,
You nobly give up all that's great,
And chose a girl that's humble.

And much of prudent wit he shows
Tho' you may think him crazy,
Who disappointed of the rose,
Descends to pick the daisy.

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"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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[NUMBER LII.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

EUGENIA DE MIRANDE.

(Concluded.)

LATREMBLAYE came at the appointed time; the dinner was gay, and the conversation lively; every subject was introduced, except the one which had been the occasion of the dinner. Latremblaye thought Eugenia charming. She was well informed, and had vivacity and wit. After dinner she introduced the affair of the unfortunate lady. Latremblaye heard her with attention, and promised to draw up the memorial in two days. He performed his promise, succeeded perfectly well: energy, earnestness, precision, nothing was wanting. Eugenia read it with marks of the warmest satisfaction.

"There is a strength, a sensibility, sir, in the style, which render it impossible for the minister not to yield to your reasoning; and were I in the minister's place, you should certainly not experience a refusal."

Latremblaye blushed, and knew not what to say.

"Nor is this all, sir; we must give to your memorial a new degree of eloquence; it must be presented by the person herself who is supposed to have written it. The gesture, voice, and look of the person interested, will add to the impression it ought to produce. Attempt to procure a *rendezvous*, in order that the lady may deliver it herself to the minister."

After a week's exertions, Latremblaye came one evening to Eugenia with a triumphant air.—"I have procured an interview for to-morrow; give your friend notice, and with this paper all doors will be open to her."

"What gratitude do I not owe you! You will have the satisfaction of having snatched this poor family from despair;—but do not abandon her till you have conducted her to the door. A woman softened by grief, and timid, would appear to disadvantage, unaccompanied.—Do you consent to go with her?"

This last act of complacency cost Latremblaye much; yet the habit of yielding to the wishes of Eugenia, the desire of ensuring the success of the business; a curiosity to see the unknown, conquered his repugnance, and he promised to come the next day to Eugenia's, where the mysterious lady was to be.

The next day, Eugenia, without being full-dressed, was more carefully dressed than usual; her hair fell gracefully over her forehead, and down her neck, her eyes sparkled, and her bosom heaved, as Latremblaye entered. He looked round the room, and said, "The lady is not yet come?"

"No," replied Eugenia, with some emotion.

"I will wait for her."

He took a seat near the tea-table, at which Eugenia was sitting. A silence of some minutes ensued—Each stole looks at the other.—Latremblaye blush-

ed, and would have been put out of countenance, if Eugenia had not blushed also.

Latremblaye at length said, but with some hesitation, "I ought, madam, to bless this circumstance (Eugenia cast her eyes upon the ground) which has introduced me to your acquaintance."

"Whatever satisfaction you feel, sir, you must derive from a conviction. The zeal you have shown—I assure you I have been—gratified, pleased, with it."

A second silence ensued as long as the first. Latremblaye at length took a desperate resolution.

"I know not that I am doing right; but I cannot conceal what I feel—you know it as well as I do."

Eugenia could by a word have relieved his embarrassment; but in such circumstances, the female bosom, however humane, never carries its humanity so far, and when arrived at that point, women force us to tell them what they know already; so that the poor young man confessed he loved her. Eugenia had propriety enough to keep a just medium between the offended air which would only have suited a prude, and that satisfied manner which ill accords with the modesty of her sex. The conversation changed; but it became animated, lively; relieved from a burthen, it proceeds with lightness, grace, and ease. Questions were asked and answered without hesitation; each communicated their pursuits, their modes of thinking and speaking upon different subjects, with such confidence, that they did not per-

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